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## GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, SEPTEMBER 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1883.

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## CHRISTINE NILSSON LECTURES.



At the Modern Orchestra Club.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—The divine Christine has composed a lecture, which, under the heading of *A few Words about Public Singers*, has been published in *The North American Review*. Dr Beard, I see, has transferred it with rapture to his columns. Here is a copy of to-day's *Musical World*. I will, if you have a moment to spare, read you divine Christine's lecture. (*Reads—without waiting for the assent of Mr Boil*.) :—

"To the public singer, more perhaps than to any other artist, sympathetic appreciation quickly and naturally manifested by the audience is everything. The painter and the poet, if they have the courage that comes from a complete consciousness of their peculiar gifts, may work on in the solitude of their studies, confident that what one generation refuses to consider another may give a rightful place among the immortal achievements of human genius and skill. The composer may be misunderstood, misinterpreted, neglected; but his score survives him, and may yet be rendered to an admiring world by some musician who had not begun the first music of the cradle when its author became silent in the grave. Even the actor, though his success depends largely upon sympathy in his audience, is not under so great obligations to it as the singer, by as much as the dramatist and the scene-painter play a more important and observable part than the composer. Words may express an idea, however clumsily or coldly spoken; but the expression of the more delicate and fleeting emotions and suggestions of songs must be created almost entirely by the singer, who is all the while conscious that unless they fall upon sensitive and sympathetic ears, they pass forever out of existence with their own brief echoes. A great English poet tells us that:

*'Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.'*

"But it is only in the memory of such souls as have some responsive music of their own. The audience that exhibits the most sympathetic appreciation gets the best music. There is no power in mechanical singing, and the hearers will always feel its lifelessness, whether they understand its cause or not. Singing may be said to find its level. It cannot stir the nature of the hearer to any deeper depth, or exalt his enthusiasm to any higher height, than the depth and height of the singer's own heart and soul. From the nature of the case, there must be a certain amount of tediousness or weariness in singing the same piece many times over. Yet a song which gives fitting expression to any genuine emotion of the human heart, which in any way arrives at that touch of nature that makes the whole world akin, is one of the most durable of all things in art or literature. And it must be remembered that each public rendering is an experience more or less peculiar to itself. Different auspices, different stage companionship, different arrangements for sound and light and ventilation,—above all, the ever-varying experiences

of one's own private life, which may be vividly present to the singer, while hidden from the audience,—all these things have their effect upon the performance. Sometimes the singer is able, for no apparently adequate reason, to outdo, in a marked degree, her efforts at other times; at the least unexpected event, she may become hoarse, and her vocal organs refuse to respond. It has been found absolutely impossible to train the voice sufficiently to enable it to overcome such causes of depression. Any measure of sadness immediately makes itself felt in the effort, and mars the execution.

"In my judgment, the American people during the past twelve years, have made wonderful progress in the power to appreciate good music. They no longer accept a foreign artist without question, solely on the strength of a European reputation. It is true they will go at once to see or hear a person who has made a noise abroad; because they have money, and probably quite as much curiosity as other people. But they will not continue to patronize that which does not suit their taste or commend itself to their judgment. So far as my observation goes, the appreciation of good music in the principal cities of the United States is fully equal to that of the European capitals. It is evinced by a deep sympathy which is felt at the very beginning of a performance. In the Eastern and Middle States, the audiences appear to have a more deliberate judgment, a disposition to consider and compare, before committing themselves to full approval, but the response is hearty and cheery when it comes. In the West and South, it is quicker in its expression. The musical cultivation and judgment of the Americans are shown in the prompt recognition of the best passages; they appear to realize what is generally fine in the art. Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer and Wagner are as thoroughly understood here as in European cities, and the expression of appreciation is stronger. Even in small places I have been agreeably surprised at the manifestations of an intelligent enjoyment of classical music. This state of things is probably owing to the fact that in one sense there is so little provincialism in America. The Americans are great travellers, and have unequalled facilities for travel. They think nothing of going from one end of the country to the other, whenever business, health, or pleasure demands it. And they remove their homes from one section to another with almost equal ease. They are at home everywhere. Brothers and sisters live in the most distant parts of the land, and scarcely realize that they are not near neighbours. The consequence is, that one finds substantially the same society, the same institutions, the same education, and the same degree of refinement in Chicago, St Louis, or San Francisco, as in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. It may almost be said that there is no intellectual metropolis; and those differences in dialect which make sharp distinctions between people of neighbouring counties and provinces in Europe, are here entirely wanting. The abundance of wealth in the United States, and spirit of enterprise that does not fear to invest it on a large scale in any worthy undertaking, may be seen in the great number of excellent halls and opera-houses, where musical performances may be rendered to the best advantage. I have been as well satisfied with the acoustic effect of the rooms in which I have sung in America as with those of European cities. It was a surprise and delight to find a perfect gem of an operahouse so far west as Denver. The Academy of Music in Philadelphia I consider second only, in acoustic properties, to the Grand Operahouse at Vienna, which is the finest in the world.

"God has intrusted to me the gift of melody, and endowed me also with an enthusiasm for its exercise. I love to sing and cannot help it: it is my life and my enjoyment. But if my auditors in America have received any genuine pleasure from it, I can assure them it is in a great degree due to their own responsive sympathy, which has made the benefit and the obligation mutual."

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*irritably*).—How much of this lecture was written by the divine Christine?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Every word of it, believe me. She has a fluent pen and is terribly well versed in the English poets, as you may see by her quotation from Percy Bysshe Shelley—*"Music, when soft voices die,"* &c.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I don't believe the divine Christine ever read a line of Shelley's.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—But she must have read the line she quotes in her lecture.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm not so sure of that even, and, at any rate, don't believe the divine Christine could quote *another* line out of the same brief poem.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Oh yes! she could if she would, believe me.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I don't believe you; but I do believe that the diviner Adelina will prepare a counter-lecture for the same



American Review, which Colonel Mapleson will spread all over the length and breadth of the States.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—I hardly think so. Besides, Adelina knows nothing of our English poets.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—On the contrary; she is well conversant with her Keats. *Endymion*, for instance:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

and so on.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—In the "so on" I have not much faith. Adelina is like a bird that warbles to perfection without being in the least aware of it. But she can only warble in her own particular strain. Like the sky-lark, she is "a scorner of the ground," and can gather nothing from the lower spheres.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Pish! you know her not. She will write a counter-lecture that shall put the lecture of the divine Christine out of thought. Take my word for it.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—I cannot take your word for it. I am sorry, but such is my condition.

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*angrily*).—Then we do not agree?

MR PURPLE POWIS (*placidly*).—That is evident.

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*more composedly*).—Let us have a split and drink to both lectures.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—With pleasure. Waiter!

(*Enter WAITER.*)

WAITER.—Yes, sir?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Two lectures and a split.

WAITER.—What, sir?

MR PURPLE POWIS (*quietly*).—No—two splits and a lecture.

WAITER (*puzzled*).—What, gentlemen?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—No, no—two sodas and a brandy.

WAITER.—Yes, sir.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—No, no, no—two brandies and a soda.

(*Exit WAITER.*)

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Never mind. We shall see.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Possibly. At any rate, I will back Christine's lecture for a bottle of Mum.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—And I will back Adelina's. Mum's the word.

(*Re-enter WAITER with two lemon squashes.*)

MESSRS PURPLE POWIS AND BAYLIS BOIL (*ensemble*).—What's here?

WAITER.—Squashes, as you ordered.

(*Exit BAYLIS BOIL and PURPLE POWIS precipitately.*)

WAITER.—Well, these are rum customers!

(*Enter MR RADCLIFF.*)

MR RADCLIFF.—Waiter—a lemon squash immediately.

WAITER.—Here you are, sir (*places the two squashes on table.*)

MR RADCLIFF (*drinking one squash at a breath*).—Might be worse (tries his flute upon the *Liebesmatspruch als Erlösungswort*, from Wagner's *Parzifal*):—



Though in no particular key, and limping a bit, as Effete Fiddler says (*drinks the other squash in a breath*), this will do for the Savage Club, if Cerberus Hersee and "H. R. H." do not happen to be present. Waiter!

(*Enter WAITER.*)

MR RADCLIFF.—Here. Keep the change for yourself.

WAITER.—There's no change, sir. You only give me a shilling. One squash is a shilling, and you have had two.

MR RADCLIFF (*gives another shilling*).—Both Wagner and his *Liebesmatspruch*! You shall have the change another time. (*Exit, rusty.*)

WAITER.—Yes, I suppose I shall. This is the way with the lot of 'em. Confound the nature of orchestrals!

SAARBRÜCKEN.—The first Musical Festival in this place came off on the 15th inst., when Handel's *Messiah* was performed, under the direction of Grüter.

#### SARAH BERNHARDT.

The return to London of M<sup>me</sup> Sarah Bernhardt—whose popularity is scarcely less in England than in France—has at once restored animation to the Gaiety Theatre, where the season of French plays has hitherto been somewhat depressing. In choosing *Fedora* for her first appearance this year, and confining her performances to that latest fruit of M. Sardou's ingenuity, the management have doubtless been well advised; and this not only because of the novelty of the play, but also because of its peculiar characteristics. Hitherto M<sup>me</sup> Bernhardt has chiefly delighted by the poetry, the grace, the idyllic tenderness of her acting, and the subtle music of her incomparable voice. In the part of the fiery passionate Russian Princess in *Fedora*, however, these charms have little play. There are here no nicely balanced verses to be dropped into the ear with all those delicate *nuances* of intonation with which this remarkable actress has so often taken the reason prisoner. The dialogue is not only in prose, but in prose which disdains the graces of style, and goes direct to the matter in hand with a sort of rude energy that may be passionate, but is certainly not poetical. In brief, *Fedora* in its conception and execution is essentially melodramatic, and M<sup>me</sup> Sarah Bernhardt is called upon to interpret a part in which M<sup>me</sup> Marie Laurent and M<sup>me</sup> Lacressonnière would have found themselves perfectly at home. That the result is not the less a brilliant success is a striking evidence of the versatility and power of the actress. All the great points—now rendered familiar to every one who concerns himself with theatrical matters—were received by the numerous audience assembled on Monday with enthusiasm. Nor could the famous cry of anguish over the bed of the murdered Wladimir, or the equally famous *Tue-le, Tue-le!* or the wonderful variety of moods depicted with lightning-like rapidity in the final death scene have sent a greater thrill through the breasts of the audiences of the Paris Vaudeville. The excitement which this performance causes is sufficiently shown by the circumstance that M<sup>me</sup> Sarah Bernhardt has undertaken to repeat this exhausting impersonation no fewer than nine times in the six days, to which, owing to other engagements, her visit is strictly limited. This includes the three *matinées*—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

A still more striking example of what may be called unseasonable prosperity has been afforded by M<sup>me</sup> Bernhardt's brief engagement at the Gaiety, which terminated with two performances in M. Sardou's *Fedora* on Saturday last, making, with *matinées*, nine repetitions of her most exhausting part in six days. Never yet has this immensely popular lady experienced more favour at the hands of English audiences than she has on this occasion. Those who are disposed to describe English audiences—and above all, audiences who can afford to pay a guinea for a stall—as cold and undemonstrative, would have found it difficult to explain the extraordinary enthusiasm of the farewell accorded to M<sup>me</sup> Bernhardt by the audience which filled every seat and every inch of standing room at the Gaiety on Saturday evening. It is worth noting that the ladies on this occasion were considerably in excess of the gentlemen; in more than one instance we even counted as many as seventeen or eighteen in a row of twenty-four stalls. It is a fact within our own knowledge that a few stalls for this occasion which had been returned to the libraries by holders who had found themselves unable to use them, were sold for three guineas each, or just three times the price at which they had been originally purchased. That M<sup>me</sup> Bernhardt is delighted with the reception she has met with need hardly be said. In a conversation with her on Saturday evening, she expressed to the writer of these notes her deep sense of the generosity and kindness of English audiences, and of the total absence of any token of professional jealousy towards a foreign actress under such circumstances. In countries in which that self-defeating institution, the *claque*, is in full force, ordinary spectators are, as is well-known, slow to applaud or to give way to any other tokens of pleasure which might cause them to be confounded with the professional purveyors of fervent admiration. In England, at least, there is no such feeling as this, and M<sup>me</sup> Bernhardt is fond of expatiating upon the exhilarating effects of these spontaneous outbursts of which she has been the object, and the genuineness of which the experienced professional is quick to feel.—M. Y. T. . . . 8 (*Graphic*, July 21.)

AIX-LA-CHAPPELLE.—An International Choral Competition was to be held here from the 25th to 28th inst. The sum of 9,400 marks in ready money, besides fourteen gold and silver medals, were to be given away as prizes. F. Lachner, Wüllner, Brambach, Dregert, and Telmann have written choruses to be sung by the competing associations.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 431.)

Another German writer, whom I have already had occasion to cite, speaks thus of this *Requiem* when mentioning several sacred works by Cherubini:—

"His most celebrated religious compositions, besides the Mass of which we have already spoken" (the Mass in F, composed at Chimay), "are the admirable short 'Ave Maria,' for soprano (in F), his two *Requiem*s, and the Mass written for the coronation of Charles X. The first *Requiem*, for two sopranos, tenor, and bass, dedicated to the memory of Louis XVI., disputes the priority with the *Requiem* of Mozart. Beethoven appears to have preferred it to the latter, at least in what he said to Seyfried, when he declared that he agreed altogether with Cherubini's paraphrase, but did not say a word about Mozart's. The Italian composer confined his work within narrower limits than the German master had done. While the latter arranged his composition according to musical rules, the former subordinated the musical to the spiritual idea, and contented himself with the usual arrangement of the ordinary Mass. Faithful to his own tendencies, Cherubini, to a great extent, allows Mozart's dramatic principle to predominate. A tone of profound lamentation, of a presentiment of death, permeates the whole composition; the strains, full of deadly sadness and resembling sighs and congealed tears, strike the heart and recall to the mind the end of all that is mortal. The 'Agnus Dei,' especially, expresses a farewell to existence, to love, to all that is known under the name of felicity. We breathe in it an immense despair, and the soul solicits its liberation. A ray of hope bursts forth for an instant in the 'Lux eterna luceat eis,' but dies in the mystic obscurity of a *point d'orgue* of magical effect, and the whole concludes with a prayer full of anguish, and such as might be offered up by those who are not sure of being heard."

We know what was the power and grandeur of Cherubini's musical genius from a religious point of view. But it is to be remarked that, if his magisterial and abundant inspiration enabled him to create grandiose works, he grudged no effort, he considered no labour superfluous, to place at the service of that inspiration the practical qualities which were calculated to increase its effects tenfold, and which would allow him to make of these works masterpieces. In connection with this, Luigi Picchianti, one of his biographers, acquaints us with a singularly interesting fact. At the time when Cherubini began to show his prolificness in the sacred style of music—that is to say, when for twenty years he had been considered throughout Europe as a great master, he did not hesitate to go, in a manner, to school again, to return, with a zeal and patience that a youth might have exhibited, to the study of the first and severe rules of rigorous counterpoint, but thought, on the contrary, that such a course could be attended only with the most satisfactory results for him. He had the courage and modesty to undertake a minute analysis of the works of the great religious masters belonging to the period of Palestrina, and principally those of that immortal master, himself. He did, however, more than this: to render himself more familiar with the works in question, and the better to assimilate them, he put them in score, often transposing them into different keys, in order to impress himself completely with certain forms, certain classical processes, which he afterwards modified by the aid of reflection, and exerted himself to combine with more modern forms and ways of treatment, thanks to which he created for himself a personal style, full of originality, breadth, and novelty. It was by these means that he acquired particular effects as regards modulation, the progression of chords, and the successive entrance of the different parts, and that he attained to the severity and elevation characterizing his incomparable style. It is easy to

\* La Mara: *Luigi Cherubini*.—This admirable *Requiem* was to have been executed in 1834, at the funeral of Boieldieu, one of Cherubini's dearest friends. But, as M. de Quelen, then Archbishop of Paris, had thought fit to revive a canonical regulation, somewhat elastic in its application, prohibiting women from singing in church, it was decided that the funeral ceremony, which ought to have taken place at Saint-Roch, should be celebrated in the Chapel of the Invalides. This chapel, being considered private, was not under ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the Archbishop's prohibition was held not to affect it. Cherubini felt none the less annoyed at such a restriction, and exclaimed: "Very well, then, since they have resolved that women's voices shall not be heard in a church, I will write for my own funeral a *Requiem* against which they shall have no objection." So, in 1836, he composed a second *Requiem*, for three-part male choir and orchestra, and this was the *Requiem* performed at his funeral.

understand what power, what subtleness, such a course of study must impart to a hand already so skilful and experienced. But is there not something touching to see an artist, long celebrated, and long in possession of all his powers, thus resuming studies ordinarily followed only in our earliest youth? And is not an astonishing proof of the most noble and most sincere love of art furnished by this quasi-sexagenarian, by a man arrived at the threshold of old age, that he again turned scholar in order that he might become an impeccable master? It was thus that Cherubini became the greatest of masters, and for this he has a right to all our respect and admiration.

(To be continued.)

## A SCRUMPTIOUS RAILWAY CAR.

Colonel Mapleson's special train of "Mann Boudoir-Cars," the *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, is to have a special Car for the Diva Patti. It is fifty-five feet long, with "a large drawing-room thirteen and a half feet long, furnished in amaranth wood, and embossed leather, profusely decorated, gold predominating." This isn't a Mann Boudoir-Car; it's a Woman Boudoir-Car; a Triumphal Car, too, with a vengeance.

AIR—"The Low-Backed Car."

When last I heard of Patti,  
She was well on her way  
To sing somewhere  
She didn't care  
As long as folks would pay.  
The Queen of Song was borne  
Along  
Without a jolting spring

And Patti, she,  
While sipping tea,  
To herself was heard to sing:—  
"Oh, I sit in a Boudoir-Car,  
An expensive and gay *Di-ra!*  
I lounge and I chat in  
Chairs gold, blue, and satin,  
In Mapleson's Boudoir-Car!"

It is not yet fixed when Madame Patti is to appear at the Fisheries in her new entertainment, entitled "The Diva and the Belle—all in one,"—when she will simply appear as herself. For this unique performance, it is whispered that Madame Patti will receive eight hundred pounds a show. That's what "A Mere Song" means now-a-days,—to Patti.—[Punch].

## A PLEA FOR BRITISH MUSICIANS.

Under the above heading, *The Times* of Saturday publishes the subjoined letter, signed "M.P.," and addressed to the editor of the leading journal from the House of Commons:—

"Many persons interested in the progress and development of native musical talent have viewed with dissatisfaction and apprehension the extensive and exclusive patronage which so-called 'London society' has given to foreign musicians during the current season, and, for my own part, I must express my surprise that the chief promoters of the Royal College of Music should have failed to practise the doctrines which they have so loudly preached, and have gone to sleep while the bread was being taken out of the mouths of their own countrymen by the strong force of Hungarian and other foreign competition. A case in point occurred on Wednesday night at the entertainment given at the Fisheries Exhibition. Two foreign bands and two English bands were engaged for the occasion. Fair play would have given to each band an equal chance, but, as a matter of fact, while the 'posts of honour' in the conservatory and main building were respectively assigned to the foreigners, the English were relegated to obscure positions in the garden grounds, where their presence was not realized until late in the evening. Comparisons, no doubt, are odious; but no impartial musical expert would venture to attribute inferiority to English bands, and unless the managers of the entertainment can urge extenuating circumstances, they must stand convicted of having acted with manifest injustice towards a deserving class of artists whose interests it was their special duty to protect."

"M.P." speaks openly and to the purpose, and, if on that account alone, merits praise. Happily, moreover, he also speaks truth, which further entitles him to consideration.

Otto Beard.

## FIDDLES AND FIDDLERS.

(By a Man of many Words.)

To the efficacy of "the notes of a fiddle" in soothing and enlivening the heart of man when oppressed with care—a faculty shared only by lovely woman—undying testimony has been borne by Mr John Gay, poet, in the *Beggars' Opera*. The violin, or some form or another of that apparently simple but really elaborately complex instrument, has been at all times the delight and the solace of humanity—when humanity is endowed with the quality called by metonymy "an ear." Whether Apollo, when entertaining with sweet sounds the nymphs on Parnassus, played not on a lyre, but on an instrument closely resembling a modern violin, as he has been depicted by Raffaele in a fresco in one of the "Stanze" of the Vatican, and whether it was by means of a violin and not of a lute that Orpheus charmed the brutes, and old Timotheus enchanted the guests at Alexander's Feast, may be moot-points; but all amateurs know that there are ways of touching the instrument which render it now grave, soft, and languishing, now sprightly and joyous, now so sonorous and majestic as to make it worthy to take a part in the interpretation of the highest forms of church music. The fiddle, when dexterously played upon, can do a vast number of things, although the lady cited in *The Guardian* complained that she had tried it all over, by drawing the bow across every part of the strings, but could not, for her heart, find out where the tune lay. Skillfully handled, however, it could so fascinate Gainsborough the painter—himself no mean performer on the instrument—that he one day offered a gallant colonel who was playing to him in his studio to make him a present of his picture of "The Boy at the Stile" if the colonel would only favour him with one more tune. But the fiddle possesses even greater powers than these. It has made large fortunes for many generations of famous musicians, and even when unplayed upon and two hundred years old, fiddles, when they bear the name of certain historic manufacturers, and especially when the authenticity of their pedigree can be fully established, are capable of extracting what may be comparatively spoken of as immense sums of money from the pockets of persons whom it may not be irreverent to term "fidiculaniamaniacs." A very respectable-looking fiddle, good enough to play "Haste to the Wedding" upon, may be purchased at a second-hand dealer's for a few shillings. An undoubted Antonius Stradivarius may, on the other hand, bring, in an auction sale, as much as five hundred pounds.

Such a stupendous price was realized a day or two since, at the sale by Messrs Puttick & Simpson of a choice collection of violins, the property of a gentleman deceased. The instrument which reached the final and amazing bid of five hundred pounds was brought to England by the celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who, in the long line of famous fiddlers, may be placed between Paganini and Sivori, and the violin which he brought with him to our shores is known among "fidiculaniamaniacs" as the "Spanish Stradivarius," and is of the date of 1687. After this exceptionally interesting instrument had been disposed of there was sold for two hundred and ninety pounds a Joseph Guarnerius of 1738, and another by the same maker, or "author," as it is technically the etiquette to term a manufacturer of fiddles, for two hundred and forty-five pounds. This instrument was also dated 1738. A violin by Carlo BERNONZI brought fifty pounds; one by Jakob Stainer forty-five pounds; a violin with the "belly" only by Stradivarius seventy-five pounds; and, as a "bonne bouche," a violoncello, formerly the property of George II., and of the make of Francisco Ruggieri, or "Rugierus," was knocked down for three hundred and thirty pounds. Recognizing the eternal fitness of Butler's aphorism,

"For what is worth in anything,  
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

we are not prepared to stigmatize as inordinate the prices attained by these old fiddles. The seven lots brought an aggregate sum of fifteen hundred pounds; but there are amateurs in other branches of "virtù" who will cheerfully give thrice the sum just named for a bureau of Boule ware formerly the property of some French King or Queen, while a thousand pounds would be readily offered for a pair of old Sevres vases of "Rose Dubarry" or "Bleu du Roi;" and there are old Dresden figures that would still be accounted cheap at a hundred guineas apiece. As for an unimpeachably genuine "grosse pièce" of Pallas or of "Henri Deux" ware, only the wealthiest of collectors or the curator of a national museum would be able to bid for such a treasure. Objects quite as beautiful in form, in "potting," in colour, and in glazing can be and are systematically imitated; and in Paris some years since there was a factory doing a large business in the fabrication of sham antique Cremona fiddles; but it is the rarity of the original article quite as much as its beauty that makes it precious to the virtuoso. A reproduction by the photographic process of the First Folio of Shakespeare's works is

very interesting; but what is its value in comparison with that of a "First Folio" itself? First editions of Cocker's *Arithmetic*, of Mrs Glasse's *Cookery Book*, of Dilly's *Grammar*, and Hoyle's *Games* are eagerly sought for, not for their literary value, but because they are scarce; and the first edition of the late Mr à Beckett's *Comic History of England* will command a higher price in the market than a copy of the 1652 edition of Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*. A black-letter Chaucer of 1598 may fetch five pounds; a copy of an edition of a few years earlier will be worth twenty. As regards Cremona fiddles, double or three times the sum realized at the recent sale might have been obtained had there been among the rarities belonging to the gentleman deceased a single violin by Gasparo di Salo, who seems to have made, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the earliest of what may be called modern violins. The world-famed Cremona fiddles are all of late seventeenth and early eighteenth manufacture. The Amatis, of Cremona, lead the van as "authors" of these wonderful instruments. Andrea Amati was the first to gain renown for his fiddles, and then came his sons Geronimo and Antonio, and the son of the former, Nicolo. The prestige of the Amatis, however, is by some "cognoscenti" considered to have been eclipsed by Antonio Stradivari, or Stradivarius, the traditions of whose excellence were continued by the Guarneri and Ruggieri families. These extraordinary craftsmen, wiser than the lady in *The Guardian*, knew well enough whereabouts in a fiddle the tune lay. According to the learned M. Otto, a first-rate Cremona fiddle is constructed in strict accordance with the rules of mathematics. The instrument comprises fifty-eight distinct divisions—some authorities give sixty-nine—although in cheap violins the parts are not so minutely subdivided. The back, neck, sides, and circles are of sycamore; the belly, base-bar, sounding-post, and six blocks of deal; the finger-board and tail-piece of ebony. A Cremona fiddle should have a strong reedy tone, something like that of a clarinet; but the tone of a Stainer or Steiner approaches that of a flute.

Although we are constantly reproached with not being a musical people, there is probably no country in the world in which violinists have gathered such pteuous riches as they have done in England, or where such large sums are given for Cremona fiddles. Long before the mysterious maestro Paganini amassed his thousands by fiddling to us—and the price exacted by that extraordinary artist for a single performance was only twenty guineas—the famous Viotti, who had been first violin in the Royal Chapel at Turin, made fortune after fortune on British soil. Viotti was a man of curiously varied attainments, and in the early days of the First French Revolution he was actually elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. He took refuge in England during the Reign of Terror; he was one of the managers of the Italian Opera, a post from which he soon retired to assume that of leader of the orchestra; and in 1796 he was expelled from England as a spy. He made a fortune by fiddling in Germany, and, on being allowed to return to England in 1801, he risked his money in a speculation in the wine trade, and lost his all. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. conferred on him the Directorship of the Académie Royal de Musique; but management was not in Viotti's line; and he came back to England to make more money and lose it once more, to be an active member and director of the Philharmonic Concerts, and, at last, to die in 1824, worn out by losses and disappointments. The *Lives of the Fiddlers* would make a most entertaining volume. Paganini's career was, at its outset, more than melodramatic, and the more ignorant among his countrymen firmly believed that he had made a compact with the Devil, and that his fiddle was possessed by an evil spirit. Nor was the career of the violinist who once owned the "Spanish Stradivarius" just sold exempt from the strangest vicissitudes. Born at Bergen, in Norway, in 1819, Ole Borneman Bull was educated at the University of Christiania, whence he was dismissed for the offence of surreptitiously leading the orchestra at one of the local theatres. Then he studied law at the University of Göttingen, fought a duel at Minden; fled to Paris; was reduced to indigence so dire that, weary of life, he threw himself into the Seine; was rescued and aided by a lady of rank, who thought that he resembled a son of hers who had died; made, in seven years, a large fortune, as a violinist; married, and settled with his wife on an estate which he had bought near his native Bergen; went in 1843 to the United States, and earned vast sums; returned to Europe, built a theatre at Bergen, and endeavoured to establish schools of art in Norway; got into trouble with the Government, and became involved in many law-suits; sailed, much impoverished, for the United States again; made another fortune; purchased a tract of one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, where he tried to found a Norwegian colony; and, after a two years' struggle with evil fortune, was compelled to abandon his project. In 1854 Bull became lessee of the Academy of Music at New



York, and lost the remainder of his wealth. He returned to Europe, fiddled himself into another fortune, and in 1869 went back to the States, and married (his first wife having died) a German lady in Wisconsin, whom he survived until within the last two years. Perhaps the knowledge of so adventurous a life conducted to an appreciable extent towards the enhancement of the price given for the "Spanish Stradivarius." At all events, the mere fact of its having once belonged to so consummate an artist and so competent a judge was in itself a guarantee for the genuineness and the excellence of the instrument.

Paragraph Hall.

### LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

On Friday and Saturday Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor, visited Leeds, and attended two full choral rehearsals. There were 305 members of the chorus present, out of a total of 314. Sir Arthur was received with prolonged applause, the whole chorus rising and cheering for some time. He was accompanied by the Mayor (Councillor Woodhouse), Mr Thomas Marshall (Chairman of the Executive), and Mr Fred. R. Spark (Hon. Sec.)

The Mayor having introduced the conductor to the chorus, Sir Arthur Sullivan spoke a few words. He remarked that the echoes of the last festival seemed scarcely to have died away when they were called upon once more to make preparations for its successor. Those echoes were still ringing in his ears, bearing with them memories of one of the happiest incidents of his artistic life. He was reminded that on that occasion work, discipline, enthusiasm, and—he could hardly call it talent, he could only call it, with reference to the choral singing, genius—were displayed to the astonishment and delight of all hearers. This was scarcely the time for speech-making, but he could not begin his work without thanking the members of the chorus sincerely and heartily for the way in which they had received him. He still bore in mind their kindness on the last occasion, and could not help thinking this new example of it was personal to himself, if only as an expression of confidence that he would exert all his power to lead them to victory. To say that no efforts would be wanting on his part was unnecessary, because anyone placed in so proud a position must, of course, do his very best. He only hoped to find the same attention and discipline as at the Festival of 1880, coupled with the same, if not still more, memorable results. He congratulated them on again having the powerful and experienced aid of Mr James Broughton, their chorusmaster. There was a good deal of work in the world for which those who best accomplished it did not always get the merited glory and reputation. They who laboured within knew exactly the worth of Mr Broughton's efforts, and that without his patient care and great intelligence it would be impossible, even with such splendid material at command, to obtain the desired results. These remarks were frequently cheered. The rehearsal began with the choruses in Joachim Raff's oratorio, *The World's End, Judgment, and the New World*, under the direction of Mr Broughton. Sir Arthur Sullivan then conducted the important chorus with which Bach's cantata, "Thou Guide of Israel," commences, and the lovely *chorale* with which it comes to an end. Beethoven's *Grand Mass* in D was given on Saturday afternoon, and its manifold difficulties seemed in no way to trouble the famous Yorkshire singers.

[The next choral rehearsals will be for Sir George Macfarren's new oratorio, *King David*, which being in the style adopted by Handel and perpetuated by Mendelssohn, may probably meet with indifferent appreciation from certain of "the advanced people," but, on the other hand, will surely be appreciated at its worth by the less "advanced" and healthily conservative class of music-lovers, whose inclination leans to this, the highest manifestation of the finest of the "fine arts."—Dr Wittge.]

BRESLAU.—The Singakademie, under the direction of Julius Schäffer, celebrated on the 1st inst. its fifty-third anniversary. The programme included the "Kyrie" and "Christe" from J. S. Bach's *Mass* in B minor, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and four new "Weltliche Chorlieder," *Anglicè*: choruses, by the conductor.

### SARAH BERNHARDT'S GLOVES.

(From the "Daily News.")

The ladies may perhaps be interested to know that certain gloves worn by Mdme Sarah Bernhardt in *Fédora* measured no less than four-and-a-half feet in length. The far-reaching powers of Mdme Bernhardt's arms have long been a subject of the ungallant caricaturists of the *Charivari* and the *Journal Pour Rire*. But we need hardly say that a liberal allowance should be made for those graceful folds and wrinkles now so much in favour with the admirers of this revived fashion of our grandmothers' days.

[Like the score of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, in which Joseph II. found "too many notes" so are the arms of Sarah Bernhardt, who might defend them as Mozart defended his notes. "There are just as many as there ought to be, your Majesty," said the great musician; and so the great French actress might say, "My arms are just as long as they ought to be," and she would be telling neither more nor less than the truth. If the gloves fit them, so much the better for the gloves—which are to be envied.—Dr Wittge.]

### STAMMERING IN THE STATES.

(From the "American Art Journal.")

Mr J. E. Sutterlin has for eight years conducted an institute in this city for the cure of stuttering and stammering, with most satisfactory success. His system, writes Dr. Youmans in the *Popular Science Monthly*, is philosophical and simple and is based on the plainest commonsense principles. Excluding reliance on medical aids, it comprises chiefly careful drill of the vocal organs and such mental discipline as will contribute to the object. In the first stage of treatment the subject is not permitted to talk, except to practice his exercises and to make such movements in speech as can be guided and observed by the teacher. During this time he is taught to consider himself not a patient, but a student of speech. In the second stage, which is begun when enough has been done in the first, the pupil is encouraged to talk, for practice, at every opportunity, with a "legato" movement (as in music) and a strong accent. In the third stage he is allowed to talk more naturally, but in a studied manner; and in the fourth stage he is permitted to employ his normal way of speaking, but is by this time relieved from the impediment under which he formerly suffered. The psychic part of the treatment, which aims to divert the pupil's mind from himself and his troubles, is the most difficult and, at the same time, the most essential part. The time required for success depends very largely and, in fact, chiefly on the mental constitution of the subject.

From this brief description of an effective method of treatment, the parent may gather the useful hint that, to remedy any incipient tendency in his child to stammer, he should exercise a mild and kind but firm ruling, suppress all irritability of temper, observe for the child all the laws of health, and be careful as to his own manner of talking and the patterns he may set for the child. By attention to such matters, even the most unskilled may correct the evil before the child begins to be conscious that he is a stammerer; and, by a general regard to such principles as are here laid down, the affliction might be wholly removed or its frequency greatly reduced in the course of a generation or two. The statistics collected and preserved by Mr Sutterlin show that the stammering habit is contracted, with only very rare exceptions, between infancy and ten years of age. The American Vocal Institute is at 103, Waverley Place, N. Y.

CORLENTZ.—The Musical Institute, a creation of the French rule, was to celebrate, about the middle of the present month, its 75th anniversary, with a two days' Festival, the programme including Haydn's *Seasons*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Johannes Brahms' "Rhapsodie for Contralto and Men's Chorus." Joseph Joachim was to take part in the proceedings.

MAGDEBURG.—Theobald Rehbaum, composer of the comic opera, *Don Pablo*, produced two years since at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has completed a new work, *Das steinerne Herz* (book founded on a story by W. Hauff), which will be brought out next month, and has, also, been accepted at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. But the term "new work" is a misnomer, for *Das steinerne Herz* was performed so far back as 1879, at the Thalia Theater, Cologne, when, in consequence of having broken one leg, the composer was unable to attend the first performance. Let us hope he may not break another leg on the present auspicious occasion.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. J.—Your three-asterisked stanzas are, as you will observe, given to the world through our columns. Nevertheless, more lies are told by *silver* "Silence" ("white" lies, if you please; but, on that account, all the blacker) than by *golden* Speech; and, on the other hand, to "fasten a soul upon eyes" savours of Henry Fothergill Chorley, who, in his *Handel Studies*, drove "a nail through a paradox." Avoid Chorleyism and stick to Wagner, whom Chorley could neither abide nor comprehend. *Tant pis pour Chorley! Tant mieux pour Wagner!*

T. J. D.—Taunton in our next number.

PHOSPHOR.—"Street-Music" next week.

## DEATH.

On July 19th, at her residence, 4, Nottingham Place, W., JANE, eldest daughter of the late EDMUND DORRELL, Esq. Cape and New Zealand papers please copy.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883.

\* \* \*

*I am weary. Let me kiss you. Will you not? Then let it be.  
I am weary, like a river seeking vainly for the sea,  
Creeping in a narrow channel through the hills and through the  
downs,  
Under trees, and under bridges when it rains upon dull towns.*

*If you gave me smile in earnest, you I am not weary of,  
What on earth were too much labour for the winning of your  
love?*

*Else must life go on without you as before until the sink  
Where the river dies decaying for the desert sands to drink.*

*You, so beautiful and calmly gracious, are you weary too?  
Well then let me merely sit awhile with you and look at you,  
Take your hand in mine and fasten all my soul upon your eyes,  
Letting Silence tell all truly—Silence, which can tell no lies.*

F. J.

## ON A RECENT MUSIC-HALL TRIAL.

*Music has charms to soothe the legal Bench,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak,  
But mixed with dancing is a fearful crime,  
A thing to drag through every stuffy Court  
Where legal gentlemen expound the law—  
A law as bad as any law can be—  
And yet the waltz is danced in six-eight time—  
A time that pleases much the legal ear;  
And strange it is in all this land of trade—  
(Of trade that prides itself on being free—  
The line is drawn so savagely at hops! —Punch.*

\* Is it? What would the "legal ear" say to three-four—just the half?—Dr Blodge.

## Parsifal at Bayreuth.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

THE recent influx of strangers has given a new impulse to the representations of *Parsifal*. That of last Friday, for instance, was magnificent. Winklemann was greater than ever; Scaria, benefited by his short rest, reappeared in the character of Gurnemanz; Degele, as Klingsor, was irreproachable. In short, the seventh performance would have rivalled the first had it not been for the "tableau vivant" at the end. No wonder the King of Bavaria occasionally likes the theatrical audience to consist of himself alone. If he would

only now exert his influence and hinder the stage manager at the Wagner Theatre from pandering to indecorous manifestations, it would be well.

Polkaw.

Nürnberg, July 23, 1883.

## Unexpected Interviews.

No. I.



Not at Bayreuth.

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—*Carissimo Abbate!* Friend of my youth!

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—*Amico mio*, you have passed your teens.

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—And so have you, *idole de mes beaux jours!*

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—Well, let that pass. How about *Parsifal*?

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—"*Cet œuvre miracle?*"

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—*Eh bien, oui*. Has it not gained upon you since you heard it last year?

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—*Eh bien, non*.

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—*Cet œuvre miracle?*

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—*Cet œuvre miracle*.



ABBATE F. L. . . T.—I am astounded. Explain.  
GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—I didn't hear it last year. Nor do I know a note of it.

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—Then you have not been to Bayreuth this month? *Fi donc!* Why?

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—I was told you would not be there either, and the journey to Bayreuth is long and dreary, unless I find you to welcome me at least as far in advance as Bamberg. I am no longer in my teens, nor are you. Why were you not at the *œuvre miracle*?

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—I had reasons.

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—I also.

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—*Des affaires majeures?*

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—*Fort majeures—et puis, maintes.*

ABBATE F. L. . . T.—*"Et puis, maintes." Cela s'explique.* How about the Royal College of Music, thou worshipper of Princes, who makest a milk-cow of art?

GOOD KNIGHT BENEDICK.—How about the Vatican, thou papistical toe-kisser, who makest a raging bull of art? (*They loosen their fraternal embrace, and exeunt severally.*)

No. II.



Not at Bayreuth.

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Well, old oss, how about *Parsifal*? Are you more fixedly confirmed in your diabolical error?

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—"*Quidam demones odiunt et fugiunt harmonium cytharæ.*" Albertus Magnus says as much in his *Sermo XXX*. You are one of them.

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Albertus cribes from Boethius. Besides which, he himself adds—"*Hæc harmonia expellit demonium iræ.*"

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT. The one proposition seems to contradict the other; but Wagner is always consistent. I am more and more deeply assured that, as I once stated in *The Academy*, Wagner is the greatest of all dramatic composers; and I am equally sure that *Parsifal* is the greatest of Wagner's operas, if so insignificant a phrase can be applied to them.

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—How often have you heard it this month? Not often, I should think, for you look fresh and go-ey.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—"Go-ey" isn't bad. I have not been to Bayreuth this month, but I feel more and more persuaded—

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Come, old oss, that wont do. None of your tricks upon non-travellers. Read Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

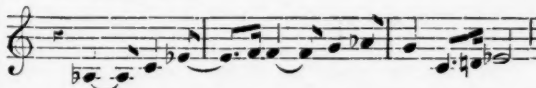
EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—I don't care about either tubs or sepulchres, and (as Anton R. would say), with regard to non-travellers, "*Je crache dessus.*" But didn't you hear the *Vorspiel* to *Parsifal* under Richter?

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—I did, more than once.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—Well?

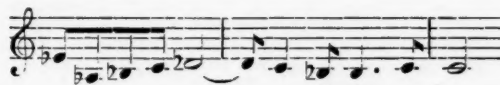
HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Well—I could find nothing in it.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—Not in the *Liebesmahlspruch*? (*hums*) :—



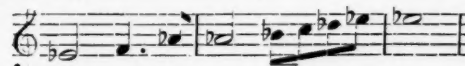
HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Nothing.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—Not in the *Spermativ*? (*hums*) :—



HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Nothing.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—Not in the *Gratmotiv*? (*hums*) :—



HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—That's in Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony."

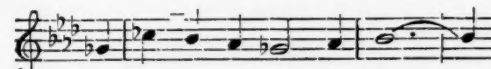
EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—Rubbish! Who's Mendelssohn? (*Aside.*) I mean when Wagner is in question. (*Aloud and fiercely*)—Not in the *Glaubensthema*?

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—What—this? (*hums*) :—



Nothing, absolutely nothing. Don't believe in it.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—But go on (*hums*) :—



What think you, now?

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Repetition, a minor third higher, of something not worth repeating. Don't believe in it.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT. (*surprised*).—And this—



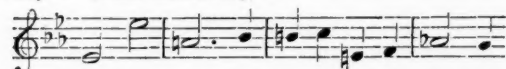
What say you?

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—Second repetition, a minor third higher, of something not worth repeating. Any tyro can manufacture tune in that fashion. Don't believe in it.

EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—But it is the Wagnerian method—"infinite melos."

HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT.—"Infinite melos" be blown! I care not a straw for such melos; and as you have not been to Bayreuth this month, I can't attach great value to your confirmed (ahem!) opinion. Good-bye. I shall go home and play a slow movement from one of Dussek's sonatas.

[Exit HENRY JOHN OF LINCOLN GAUNT, to Dussek. EBENEZER MAHONEY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA PROUT.—What an obstinate fellow? Nevertheless, Josephus Bennetius says that I drive in the classical chariot, but that one of my horses is a jibber. It may be. (Hums unconsciously).—

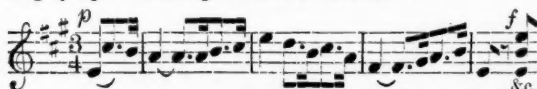


Ah!—Dear Mozart!—That's music, after all. I like Dussek, too, quite as well as does Henry John of Lincoln Gaunt. (Exit pensively, with the intention of playing Dussek's "Consolation" to his home circle.\*)

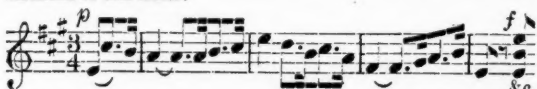
#### A LETTER FROM DR QUEER.

(To Sir George Grove.)

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I need not remind you of this phrase—sung by a peasant during intervals of the storm:—



There is a curious passage in a certain telegram from Berlin, which probably may have reached you. The transmitter ("Private Wire") informs us that, as Anton Rubinstein's "Biblisches Bühnenspiel," embodying *Solomon's Song* (and the "turrets"?), "will not fill up the entire evening," the Bessarabian virtuoso is preparing a "one-act comic-opera," to furnish out the entertainment. Pollini of Hamburg must be a wag. He bewildered, intoxicated, and deafened the supporters of his theatre with the *Ring of the Nibelungs*, each section of which found the house half empty, at an unseasonably and unreasonably late hour. Mindful of this, he now begs the fiery Anton to cut his (A. R.'s—not Pollini's) "Bühnenspiel" short, adding something jocose to awaken and cheer up the audience. To this Anton—a veritable "Fisher of men," consents. And yet, though a "Fisher of men," he is no Wagnerian, but, on the contrary, a profusely spotted eclectic, having, as the late C. L. Kenny would say, "an enormous swallow."\* At the same time he unconsciously gulps down the Bayreuth oracular *dicta*, thus, as it were, throwing up his own ventriloquial convictions. How explain? I myself can only interpret so odd an elench through the phrase quoted on the forehead of this letter.



What say you?

Theophilus Quer.

Castle Quer, Isle of Mutton, July 23.

[Why this letter should have found its way to these quarters, I am unable to guess. It came open, with a card from Dr Quer, requesting that it might be published at once in our columns.—O. B.]

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has returned to England from the continent, and is now engaged upon the new comic opera intended for the Savoy Theatre. (See another column.)

THE banquet to Mr Irving by the Glasgow Pen and Pencil Club is fixed for Thursday, Sept. 6th, in the large gallery of the Fine Art Institution. The Lord Provost and other local magnates have, we learn, accepted invitations.

\* And he can play it well. So can Henry John of Lincoln Gaunt. No jibbing here.—Dr Bidge.

\* Not the bird so denominated in our lingo.—Dr Bidge.

#### CONCERTS.

MIDLE MATILDA ENEQUIST gave a *matinée musicale* at her residence, 70, Portdown Road, on Wednesday, July 18. Midle Enequist sang with her usual success, receiving an encore for "Leaving, yet loving," and also for some Swedish national melodies. Miss Rosa Leo, Messrs H. Thorndike and Frank Elmore were the other singers. Mr George Gear played his own Rigaudon, entitled "Le Plaisir," as well as his "Valse Fantastique," receiving much and deserved applause. The first is a quaint *morceau* in imitation of the old French dance, and the second is an original and brilliant Valse de Concert. Signor Lovini appeared as singer and violoncellist, and there were recitations by Misses Mary Lester and Elmore, and Mr Oscar Elmore. The conductors were Mdmé Lovenstjerne, MM. George Gear, Lovini, and Algernon Lindo.

MDME FLORENCE GRANT, the accomplished amateur whose concert we had the pleasure of noticing last month, came again before the public on Saturday last, (July 21), at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, but for a charitable object, viz., "In aid of the Sunderland and Clyde Disasters Relief Fund." The patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, and other distinguished personages had been obtained, and although not present, no doubt they contributed their "mite" to the good cause. The artists who assisted were Misses Clara Samuëll and Orridge; Mdlle Giovanna Ameris; Messrs J. Robertson, Bernard Lane, and Signor Monari-Rocca, (vocalists); Mr Kuhe, (pianoforte); Herr Curt Schulz, (zither); Herr Schuberth, (violoncello); and Mr John Thomas, (harp). Besides these esteemed professors, the Earl of Mar and Mdmé Helene de Lisle played solos on the violin; Lady Colin Campbell was announced for two songs but did not put in an appearance, and Mr Frank Lincoln ("American Humourist") gave "A Musical Sketch" between the parts. The room was not so fully attended as it should have been under the circumstances, but we hope the "absent ones" were present in spirit though not in person. Mdmé Florence Grant contributed Robandi's "Alla Stella Confidente" (violoncello obbligato, Herr Schuberth), Mozart's duet "Sull' Aria," (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), with Miss Samuëll, and Boito's "La Luna Immobile," with Mdmé Giovanna Ameris, gaining the good opinion of all by her graceful presence and genuine feeling. A feature in the concert was the performance by the Earl of Mar of an "Elegie" for the violin by Del Nero, but we should much have preferred hearing the "Elegie" by Ernst which the noble lord, we are sure, would have played in perfection. Other "features" were Mr Kuhe's performance of his own "Etude de Concert," for pianoforte alone, and Herr Schuberth's solo on the violoncello—an *andante* (by Goltzmann?). Miss Orridge gave some German *Lieder*, and Miss Clara Samuëll, Rossini's "Non più mesta," Mr Bernard Lane, "My Queen," (Blumenthal), and Mr G. Robertson, Sterndale Bennett's beautiful song, "Stay my charmer," so much to the satisfaction of the audience that each vocalist had the honour of a "call." The performance by Mr John Thomas, of his harp solo, "Echoes of a Waterfall," was so much admired that the accomplished "Pencerdid" was obliged to return and play again, and Signor Monari Rocca enlivened the proceedings by the characteristic way in which he gave Rossini's "Tarantella." The accompanists were MM. Ganz, Kuhe, &c. Among the audience were the children of St. James's Parochial Schools, who, ranged on each side of the hall and on the platform, formed, in their snow white caps and aprons, a very pretty picture, and the attention they bestowed on each performance and the hearty applause they awarded at the conclusion must have highly gratified both artists and amateurs.

#### PROVINCIAL.

CHESTER.—A diocesan choral festival has been held in the cathedral, Chester, when choirs from all parts of the diocese attended. Upwards of 1,000 voices took part in the musical services, which were conducted by the Rev. C. H. Hylton Stewart, M.A., precentor of the cathedral. It is four years since a similar service has been held, and an endeavour will now be made to form a permanent association. The Dean of Lichfield preached the sermon to a crowded audience.

EDINBURGH.—There seems no end to the season or the popularity of the promenade concerts in the Waverley Market, and on Saturday night, July 21, there was as large a concourse of people as ever. The fine band of the Gordon Highlanders and the pipers of the regiment "discoursed" alternately. The best examples of these—says *The Daily Review*—were, for the band, the "Ruby" waltz, and for the pipers, the reel, "The deil amang the tailors." The long galleries were circled by lines of spectators and groups of American tourists might be observed, lost in wonderment at the "slow" amusement of the sober-minded Scotch people, all the more sober-looking from the absence of gay colours unsuitable to the weather. Those most

interested, however, seemed quite pleased with the entertainment, and "barring" the amount of smoke that had to be consumed second-hand, there was the unusual pleasure of mingling in a large throng without the annoyance of inebriates. This evening (Saturday) the Edinburgh Police Band are to have a "benefit night," when they will have assistance of the Glasgow Police Band.

SCLEDER (CORNWALL).—A Grand Mass and Benediction was held at the Catholic Church at Sclerder on the occasion of a confirmation held by the Bishop of Plymouth. A Mass by Bordese was splendidly sung, the solos being given by Mdle Alice Roselli (specially engaged for the occasion) in a manner which displayed her artistic singing to the utmost advantage, and the offertory, "Veni Sancte Spiritus," (Rossi), Bordese's "O Salutaris," and Neukomm's "Tantum Ergo," were also finely rendered by Mdle Roselli.

#### LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Sir Julius Benedict presented medals on Saturday evening at St George's Hall, Regent Street, to successful students of the London Academy of Music. The hall was crowded. Previous to the distribution a musical performance was given, under the direction of Signor Romilli.

Dr H. Wylde, the Principal of the Academy, after the distribution of prizes—consisting of gold, silver, and bronze medals—thanked Sir Julius Benedict for his kindness, adding that the students ought to feel honoured at receiving their prizes from the hands of so justly renowned a musician.

Sir Julius Benedict expressed much pleasure at being present. It satisfied him greatly to see that the Academy, to use a musical phrase, went "*crescendo a crescendo*," always increasing. He was fortunate enough last year to assist on a similar occasion, and found since then that the students had improved wonderfully. Dr Wylde and those connected with the institution had worked hard, and he trusted they would continue to do so, and have the pleasure of seeing further improvements year by year. He hoped the next time they met that the students would themselves be astonished at the progress they had made. Dr Wylde used words much too flattering in thanking him for the performance of a task which was in fact a real pleasure. He could, however, bear witness to the untiring energy of Dr Wylde in the interests of the Academy, and to the good results which had come about since his old friend's connection with it. The Academy would, he was sure, soon be able to hold its own with any like institution in the country. He was sorry to remark how little had been said about it, and its achievements, in the press. He was, nevertheless, greatly pleased with the performance he had just listened to—a performance rendered all the more interesting because it embraced every branch of music. He wished the Academy every success for the future. His visits to the institution would rest in his memory, and he trusted that every time he met the students he would be able to congratulate them on their continued advancement (*cheers*).

(From another correspondent.)

Saturday evening, July the 21st, was the occasion of a musical performance together with the presentation of gold, bronze, and silver medals to the successful candidates, for honours amongst the students of the London Academy of Music. The pleasing task of distributing the prizes was undertaken by that eminent musician, Sir Julius Benedict. The concert took place at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, the building wherein the main branch of the Academy, founded and directed by Dr Wylde, Gresham Professor, is conducted. Nearly 500 students had competed for the prizes at late examinations, and though only a few performers took part in the entertainment, the number of medals distributed was large, and spoke highly for the spirit of emulation which prevails amongst the students. The chief participants were the pianists, violinists, composers and vocalists. The names of the successful candidates for honours were too numerous to mention, but, judging by the merit of the performance on Saturday night, and the eulogiums passed upon the students of the Academy in general, by Sir Julius Benedict, the proficiency of those singled out for distinction must have been remarkable and highly encouraging for the reputation of an English School of Music. Where so much talent was displayed, it seems scarcely in order to make mention of special

cases of merit, but since the eminent veteran examiner, Sir Julius Benedict commented in terms of high praise upon the brilliancy and skill of the pianoforte players and especially upon the performance of Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, it may not be invidious to remark that this most difficult pianoforte piece was rendered by Miss Kate Griffiths, one of the associates of the Academy. Not less commendable and effective were the pianoforte solos of Miss Elsie Evans, the principal gold medallist of the year, and the violin playing of Miss Adelina Dinelli and Mr J. Skuse. Many of the vocalists were heard with equal pleasure, amongst these might be mentioned Miss A. Stevenson (amateur), Misses Moss, Florence Smith, Sargent, Ullathorne, and Letterbarrow, as well as Mr Reakes and Mr W. Burgon. The proficiency of the Academicians in elocution was well illustrated by a recitation by Miss Nellie Giles. The numerous friends of Sir Julius Benedict must have been highly gratified to hear him speaking with all the fire and enthusiasm of old, and to see him entering with such obvious interest and gratification into a scene wherein hundreds of talented young people were nobly emulating his own brilliant attainments.

#### BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Ferdinand Wachtel, son of the evergreen Theodor, has been singing at Kroll's Theater. The general verdict is that he possesses natural means that require cultivation.—Anton Rubinstein came here for a few days, to have a last conference about the libretto Julius Rodenberg is writing for him. It is entitled: *Salomith, ein biblisches Bühnenspiel in fünf Bildern nach dem Hohenliede Salomo's (Salomith, a Biblical Play in five Tableaux, founded on the Song of Solomon)*. Pollini will produce it at the Hamburg Stadttheater next winter. As it will not fill up the entire evening, Anton Rubinstein intends writing a one-act comic opera, on a libretto furnished by Ernst Wichert, to be played with it.—As already announced, Berlin is once more to have Italian Opera. The season commences at the Victoria-theater on the 16th September, and ends on the 16th October. Besides operas by Verdi, the repertory will include Halévy's *Juive*, Rossini's *Otello* and *Semiramide*, and Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Bimboni is appointed conductor.

#### THE SIGNAL GUN.\*

SONG.

The echo of the signal gun is bounding o'er the brine,  
Our barks are riding fast, yet free, all ready in their line;  
Up with the anchor, boys, and spread the canvas to the spray,  
'Twill have a wetting yet I guess, ere we are half our way.  
The red cross of our native land is flying at the main,  
And its music sounds across the wave, a fond and farewell strain;  
Ha! now she scuds before the breeze, with every bend she gives  
Each gentle heart more quickly heaves, each man more kindly lives.

Away! Away! no reefing here, we'll take all winds that blow,  
Unless they split to ribbons up our wings as on we go,  
And if they do, why then we'll scud, as we have done before,  
With stout hearts in our chequer'd galleys, and stout hearts at the oar;  
There's gallant seamen in our wake, but Fortune leads us on—  
Hurrah! the signal flag is passed, and hark the victor's gun,  
To hand: though there more perils wait from yonder lovely throng  
Than ere was known upon the deep, in story or in song.

\* Copyright.

W. GUERNSEY.

PORTUGUESE journals state that Molina is endeavouring to secure Adelina Patti for a series of performances in Madrid, Oporto, and Lisbon. (Molina will have to tug hard with that, at present, terrestrial angel. His name, however, is Molina, which will help him in good stead.—Dr Blügel.)

FLOTOW'S EXPECTED "GUILLAUME TELL."—The much-talked-of "posthumous" opera, *Der Graf von St. Mégrin*, found among the MSS. of Flotow, composer of *Martha*, *Stradella*, &c., instead of being, as generally reported, an effort in a new direction, of a higher class than any of his previous works, now turns out to be an early composition, identical in fact with *La Duchesse de Guise*, first performed in 1838 at the country seat of a friendly patron, subsequently, in 1840, at the Paris Théâtre de la Renaissance, a year later at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, on the occasion of the Grand Duchess Alexandrina's birthday, and then allowed to drop into oblivion. This has dispelled the hopes of some of his warm admirers that Flotow had bequeathed at least a *Guillaume Tell* to posterity. (Poor Flotow!—Dr Blügel.)



## A LATTER-DAY DIALOGUE.

See what the "Zukunft" has brought our "nephews" to!



At the Flöhpfester, Nürnberg.

SAGRAMORE.—Wagner is gone, and he has left behind him no one to continue the only kind of music now possible.

DODINAS.—Are there not still musicians of the older school?

SAGRAMORE.—Who?

DODINAS.—Brahms, for instance.

SAGRAMORE.—Brahms!—an elderly man, no longer so interesting as when he gave us songs like "Liebestreu." What young men do you see rising into greatness?

DODINAS.—One can not recognize a man's greatness till he has past his prime.

SAGRAMORE.—Which is like saying that one cannot recognize promise till it is fulfilled. But Shakspeare was recognized before he was old, so was even Beethoven. Raphael was renowned when he was young; and how old was Byron when "Childe Harold" made him famous? No. All our great men are old men. And, tell me who will take Gladstone's place; who will succeed Puviss de Chavannes; who will be listened to when Browning and Tennyson are silent?

DODINAS.—Morris, Swinburne.

SAGRAMORE.—The only thing Morris can write that was more than nice is that most wonderful lyric "Summer dawn," written in the first flush of youth, strength, and hope. As to Swinburne, he is an example of the times—a glorious sunrise followed by a long, dull day. After *Poems and Ballads*, every volume he published was more insipid, more wearied and wearisome than its immediate

precursor. Besides, he too is no longer young; and he has no more real, healthy life-blood in him than that far stranger product of the end of the nineteenth century, Burne-Jones.

DODINAS.—And what about him?

SAGRAMORE.—Burne-Jones is the painter of empty lassitude, he is the unquiet ghost of Mediaevalism. Again, no. There are no rising men. When the rest of the mighty old ones are gone, Weariness will look at herself in the glass.

DODINAS.—But the earth goes round the sun as fast as before, and so does the moon round the earth. The stars are still countless. All is wonder.

SAGRAMORE.—Nevertheless, do you not feel that our summers are not so hot, and our winters not so cold as they should be? Look at later years. A gleam of sunshine perhaps in May; then rain for the summer, and sultry mist for the winter. Time is tired. We are in the twilight preceding the Night of Art's decadence. England has Browning and Tennyson. America has Walt Whitman. France has Puviss de Chavannes—

DODINAS.—And Victor Hugo—

SAGRAMORE.—If you like to call him great. Those are old men. In Italy Art is quite dead—dead as Michelangelo—dead as Garibaldi, Italy's last great man. Germany has little. Russia nothing. Art is becoming barren.

DODINAS.—What about Zola, Bastien Lepage, Whistler?

SAGRAMORE.—Men of a certain individuality, I grant. But what is Zola?—the exponent of the sewer and cesspool—Bastien Lepage?—a man that has fallen irretrievably into a groove of mere clever craftsmanship. And Whistler?—one whose extraordinary talent is so alloyed with humbug that Art can place no dependence on him.

DODINAS.—According to you the outlook is but dismal.

SAGRAMORE.—That is so. We are in a period of threatening storm and change. No one finds the right way. The world is utterly weary, and utterly restless. It longs for it knows not what. It can neither sleep nor wake. The world, indeed, is like Amfortas. Materialism, typified by Klingsor, has given it a wound which only one may heal. Till that one come, the world can only complain of its weariness.

DODINAS.—Go on with the parallel you have begun.

SAGRAMORE.—The great men of the time may be likened to Titirel and Gurnemanz.

DODINAS.—And who is Kundry?

SAGRAMORE.—Kundry is Modern Womankind. As the sensual instrument of Materialism she lures man to his fall. And yet from her alone comes the balsam that for a moment alleviates his agony.

DODINAS.—From her and Nature?

SAGRAMORE.—Yes—the Arabian balsam Woman brings. The bath in the beautiful woodland lake means Nature. Kundry would do good but for Klingsor's spell. She is the problem of the Day and of the Night. She is the Mystery—unfathomable till her baptism by Parsifal.

DODINAS.—And where is Parsifal?

SAGRAMORE.—Wherever he is, he is being laughed at by those that, in the end, will assuredly be grateful to him for causing them to weep.

DODINAS.—And do you see him?

SAGRAMORE.—Not yet.\*

[The foregoing dialogue is printed *notatim et literatim*, as it came by post, in damp sheets, to the Office of *The Musical World*.—*Aliduke of the Straight Marches*.]

## HARVEST TIME.\*

Come and meet me, Jenny darling,  
When the harvest work is done,  
Near the old stile in the meadow  
At the setting of the sun;  
Then, as hand in hand we wander,  
I will steal the kisses sweet,  
Watching bonny brown eyes gleaming  
When my own they shyly meet.

Come and meet me, Jenny darling,  
There is time for work and play,  
When our daily task is ended  
Let us both be blythe and gay;  
But you must not flirt with Johnny,  
Or with pretty May I'll roam.  
Jenny, please me—do not tease me  
At the merry harvest home.

Mary met you in the gloaming  
With old Squire Hawthorn's son;  
He has title, land, and riches—  
Jenny, darling, I have none.  
Jenny, meet me; Jenny, greet me;  
Do not frown and say me nay.  
I will tease you—never leave you  
Till you name our wedding day.

\* Copyright.

ALICE MOWBRAY.

\* God be praised!—Dr Blidge.

## LEEDS FESTIVAL.

The choral rehearsals for the Leeds Festival are going on actively under the direction of the local choir-master, Mr John Broughton, a professor of long experience accompanied with marked ability. The conductor elect, Sir Arthur Sullivan, came down expressly at the end of last week, with the object of testing the progress already made in some important works belonging to the week's selection. As conductor in 1880, though following in the wake of no less eminent a chief than Sir Michael Costa, Sir Arthur had given general satisfaction, and that he should be re-appointed to the much-coveted dignity occasioned no surprise. How thoroughly he had won the sympathy of the members of the chorus—which, for strength and freshness of voices in every department, from sopranos to basses, combined with precision of "attack," and last, not least, zealous attention to work, may favourably compare with any similar body, not only in England, but in Europe—was clearly shown by the cordial enthusiasm that greeted him on all hands. His appearance in the orchestra, in fact, was the signal for a demonstration of which he may feel justly proud, and to which he replied in a speech at once complimentary and appropriate. The choruses from the late Joachim Raff's "posthumous" oratorio—*The World's End, Judgment, and the New World*—were then rehearsed so much to the satisfaction of Sir Arthur that he expressed his approval in unmistakable language, dwelling especially on the high value of Mr Broughton's services. Parts of J. S. Bach's cantata, another conspicuous feature of the programme—the grand opening chorus ("Thou Guide of Israel") and final *chorale*, for instance—were also gone through, with a result not less promising. On the following day (Saturday) the *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven occupied the attention of the singers, who were in no way perplexed by difficulties at one time thought insurmountable. Meanwhile, Sir George Macfarren is shortly expected at Leeds, to superintend the rehearsals of the choruses in his new oratorio, *King David*, which there is reason to believe is likely to prove a success, fully justifying the Leeds directors in commissioning our eminent English musician to compose a second great work expressly for their Festival. It will be remembered that, after appropriating *St John the Baptist*, the Cambridge Professor's Bristol oratorio, they ordered one on their own account, and that the impression created by *Joseph* surpassed even that created by its precursor three years in advance. That *King David* will be a worthy successor is taken for granted by all who have had the opportunity of examining the score, or listening to choral excerpts at rehearsal. *King David* is the fourth oratorio from the pen of Sir George Macfarren, the second of the series being *The Resurrection*, written for the Birmingham Festival, where, under the direction of Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren (the composer's brother, who also subsequently conducted *Joseph* at Leeds), it was produced with universal applause. That Sir Arthur Sullivan will do all that lies in his power to obtain an effective rendering of the last oratorio by the *doyen* of English musicians, who so worthily fills up the void left by the too early death of William Sterndale Bennett, may be taken for granted. Sir Arthur himself, like Bennett and Macfarren before him, was a student in our Royal Academy of Music (not the least gifted, as all know); and this alone would suffice to stimulate his endeavours in the present instance. That no work of importance from his own pen should adorn the Festival programme is to be regretted; but that, three years hence, he will give us a worthy pendant to *The Light of the World* is not only the general desire, but the general belief.—(Correspondence of "The Graphic.")

MISS HOPE GLENN has several oratorio engagements for the autumn in America.

LADY HELENA NEWENHAM and MISS DRUMMOND BAILEY gave a grand ball on Tuesday, the 17th inst., at 19, Upper Wimpole Street, to a most distinguished and fashionable assemblage of over three hundred of the *haut ton*. Amongst those present were the Duke and Duchess of San Germano, the Earl of Mountcashel and Miss Newenham, the Countess of Devon, Sir Richard Temple, Colonel Freeland, Mrs Molesworth, Mr Bagot Molesworth, Mme d'Agostino, Mrs and Miss Herbert Murray Aynsley, Colonel and Mr Herbert Murray Aynsley, Mr G. Stanley, Dr Spry, 2nd Life Guards, Captain W. H. Hand, Mrs Ingram, Mrs Holford, Miss Craigie Halkett, &c. It was one of the most *distingue* balls of the present season.

NIEDERWALD.—The Men's Choral Unions from Cologne, Bonn, Darmstadt, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and various other places, will take part in the unveiling of the Monument here. Ferdinand Möhring, of Wiesbaden, has written for the occasion a Festival Chorus, "Germania," which produced a favourable impression when sung lately by 500 singers at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. (Monument to whom?—J. W. D.)

## WAIFS.

Among the guests at the *Conversazione* held by the Society of Arts at the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday evening, was Herr Joseph Joachim, who is paying a short visit to England. The Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the *conversazione* with their presence.

A meeting of the gentlemen who have agreed to form a committee to promote a testimonial to Sir Michael Costa on his retirement from the profession, will be held at St James's Hall (entrance in Piccadilly) on Tuesday next.

We have just learned, with regret, as we go to press, of the death of Mr Joseph Williams, the music publisher, of Berners Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal was decided on Saturday, July 21st. The examiners were Dr F. E. Gladstone, Mr Henry Lahee, and Sir George Elvey (chairman), the prize being awarded to Frederick Kilvington Hattersley.

Borghi-Mamò is taking her holiday at Rimini.

Mr Emile Berger has left London for Glasgow.

Suppé's *Boccaccio* has been performed in Alicante.

Etelka Gerster is at Porretta. (!!—Dr Blinge.)

Faure, (Hamlet, Joconde) is stopping at his *Etratat Villa*.

Jourdain is engaged for next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

An Italian opera company is being formed for the Teatro Albysu, Havannah.

The Spanish tenor, Valero, is engaged for the winter season at St Petersburg.

A new opera, *Ettore Fieramosca*, by Benacchio, has been produced at Padua.

Enrico Tignani is appointed teacher of the violoncello at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* will be performed in November at Ascoli. (!!—Dr Blinge.)

A new theatrical and musical periodical, *Errico Petrella*, has appeared in Naples.

Gialdini is engaged by the Brothers Corti, as conductor at the new Italian Opera, Paris.

Etelka Gerster (now at Porretta) is to appear, on her return to America, in Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*.

The inauguration in Paris of the monument to Dumas the elder is postponed to the 15th September.

*Gioconda*, with Turolla as the heroine, will be performed this autumn at the National Theater, Pesth.

A young composer, Nicolò Massa, has been commissioned by Ricordi to set Zanardini's libretto of *Salambô*.

Vaucorbeil, suffering from a laryngeal complaint, is going through a regular course of treatment at a French Spa.

Negotiations for a few performances are pending between Gayarre and the management of the San Carlo, Lisbon.

A performance of Peter Benoit's *Lucifer* will be given, under the direction of Faccio, at the Milan Scala in October.

According to advices from Vienna, Doppler, Imperial *Capellmeister*, was so ill, that his life was despaired of.

The Chevalier de Kotski may (or may not) accompany Minnie Hauk on her approaching American concert tour.

Brambilla-Ponchielli is engaged for the autumn at the Teatro Nuovo, Pisa, where she will first appear in *Poliuto*.

The Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, is temporarily closed, but will shortly re-open with Usiglio's *Donne Curiose*.

It is reported that the Politeama, Genoa, will be opened for opera, in August, by two or three leading singers in partnership.

The young Novak is studying, with Léo Delibes, the part of the heroine in *Lakmé*, and will, probably, "create" it in Italy.

Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* will shortly be given at Imola, and it is hoped that the composer may assist at the first performance.

Johann Strauss's opera, *Venetianische Nächte*, will be produced at the Carltheater, Vienna, with Geisinger in the leading part.

Verdi has been created honorary president of the Artists' Mutual Aid Society, Venice. He has returned from Montecatini to Sant Agata.

Negotiations are going on between Pauline Lucca and Mapleson for the operatic season in America. (Going—going—gone!—Dr Blinge.)

Mr Alberto Randegger leaves to-day for Trieste, his native place, on a visit to his family, returning in time to "assist" at the Leeds Festival.

Rive-King having been taken ill at Salt Lake, U.S., Emma Thursby volunteered to fill her place in the programme of the Thomas Concerts.

Clara Louise Kellogg, now in Europe, sails for New York about the 1st August, and will appear both in opera and concerts during the winter and spring.

Completely re-decorated, the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona, will re-open for Italian opera, under the management of Alberto Bernis, on the 27th October.

Christine Nilsson has left Mont-Dore for Schwalbach. (Mont-Dore will put on mourning; Schwalbach will continue drinking waters.—Dr Blüger.)

Ghislanzoni has completed a libretto, *Edmea*, for a young composer named Giuseppe Auteri. (Now, Auteri—have your wits about you.—Dr Blüger.)

Luigi Mancinelli has accepted the post of conductor, left vacant through the resignation of Bimboni, at Faenza, where Masini, the tenor of the Verdi *Requiem*, has been singing.

It is hoped that the Casino Theatre, Nice, may be ready this year. Should such not be the case, Taddei will take his Italian opera-company to the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Several architects have been sent by the King of Bavaria to Bayreuth to report on the possibility of transporting the Wagner Theatre to Munich. (*Pauvres diables!*—Dr Blüger.)

The season at Santiago was inaugurated with Verdi's *Forza del Destino*. The principal members of the company are (Mapleson) Witzjak, Stolzmann, (Mapleson) Aramburo, and Pogliani.

Abbey, it is said, will organize an "Operatic Festival" next April in San Francisco, with a company including Christine Nilsson, Sembrich, Valleria, Scalchi, Campanini, and Del Puente.

The new theatre at Novaro will be inaugurated by an opera, *Il Rè Lear*, book by A. Ghislanzoni, music by Canogni, composer of *Don Bucefalo*, some years ago so complete a failure at Covent Garden.

Some eight years since, the vast Santa Chiara Monastery, Asti, was turned into the Politeama Alfieri. It has now been purchased by an association of priests, and will be re-converted into a religious institution.

The *Gazzetta dei Teatri* formally denies the statement made by H. Moreno in the *Ménestrel*, that, in order to undertake the management of the Milan Scala, Ferrari was compelled to form a partnership with three members of his company.

Up to the present time the subscriptions towards the projected Mozart Monument in Vienna have barely reached 50,000 florins. This does not say much for the enthusiasm of the Germans on behalf of "the greatest of all absolute musicians."

The Intendancy of the Theatres Royal in Sweden has hitherto been considered as expressly belonging to the nobility, but King Oscar has now conferred the office for the first time on a professional man, Anders Willmann, member of the Royal Opera, Stockholm.

The Apollo and Argentina Theatres in Rome have been furnished with the much-talked-of iron curtains. Nevertheless it is doubtful, if the Italian papers may be credited, whether there will be any national opera in the "Eternal City" during the forthcoming autumn. The municipality has declined to vote the annual subsidy for the Apollo, which must, in consequence, remain closed.

Mr Mackenzie (composer of *Jason* and *Colomba*) is obliged to decline an offer from the Committee of the Birmingham Festival to furnish them with a new sacred choral work for 1885, having already accepted a similar offer for the Norwich Festival of 1884. Our young countryman is a conscientious worker, and whatever he undertakes he will perform, not in eager haste, but to the utmost of his ability.—*Graphic*.

The death is announced, at Copenhagen, of the sculptor, Jerichau. Born in 1818, he went to Rome in 1839 and studied under his great countryman, Thorwaldsen. His chief works are "The marriage of Alexander with Roxana," as a bas-relief for the frieze of one of the Royal palaces at Copenhagen, a colossal group of "Hercules and Hebe," a marble Penelope, and "A Hunter attacked by a Lioness." Jerichau belonged to the classical school.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—Mr William Gilstrap, of Farnham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, and Newark-on-Trent, Notts, who last year gave £1,000 to the funds of the Royal College of Music, has now added £2,000 to that sum, with the view of founding a scholarship in the college, in his own name, to be awarded (1) to natives of Suffolk, or failing them (2) to natives of Nottinghamshire, or failing them (3) to the country at large. The Prince of Wales has accepted this munificent offer, and it is to be hoped that so excellent an example of public spirit may be followed in other counties.—*Times*.

"One of the oldest violins in the United States"—says *The Owenbury Messenger*—"is in the possession of Mr W. Y. Macpherson, of this city. It is known to have been in his family over 100 years. The violin is 266 years old, having been made by Nicolaus Amati, of Cremona, Italy, one of the most celebrated violin makers in the world. He was born in 1587, and was thirty years old when the violin was made, just in his prime. One characteristic of his make was in the varnish used, the art of making it having died with him. It consists in the beautiful shading, which in this particular violin could not be surpassed, and it no doubt is one of his best."

#### EXCELSIOR.\*

If thou hast wrought some deed of fame,  
And thousand tongues repeat thy name;  
Should in thy breast an altar rise,  
And to thyself the sacrifice:  
Pause! lift not the exultant cry;  
One word unto thy lips deny—  
Excelsior!

If thou hast prosper'd in the strife,  
The daily press of this poor life;  
And, from the mountain summit, thou  
Look'st on the vale with scornful brow;  
Then, though of shame thou dreamest not,  
Oh! be one lofty strain forgot—  
Excelsior!

If thou hast seen thyself stand forth,  
And measured well thy lack, thy worth;  
Hast striven to make the one less great,  
The other raise to nobler rate;  
Then, as thou speedest on thy way,  
Take heart unto thyself, and say—  
Excelsior!

\* Copyright.

SARAH ANN STOWE.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S RECENT DOINGS.—Herr Rubinstein has undertaken to write a lyric "stage-play," in five scenes, the materials drawn from the *Song of Solomon*, his librettist being Herr Julius Rodenberg, with whom the impetuous Moldavian pianist has been lately conferring at Berlin. We shall have nothing but "Scriptural" operas soon, if their progress be not checked by some emphatic declaration of public opinion. And yet very few such concoctions have proved of any lasting worth. The most recent example, M. Massenet's *Hérodiade*, should be a caution to others inclined to follow in his steps; for prosy dulness can hardly further go. Such things hold no legitimate place upon the stage. The *Maccabees* might have served Herr Rubinstein himself as a warning. Wagner's *Parsifal* is no better or worse than a parody (which, by the way, we are glad to learn that Mr Joseph Barnby will not be allowed to produce, as he intended, in the Royal Albert Hall) on things and incidents held so sacred that it would not be tolerated in any English theatre, or "passed" by any English Lord Chamberlain. In Germany, however, it is otherwise, and musicians of the peculiar temperament of Herr Rubinstein are allowed full swing. The benefit conferred upon art by such exhibitions of fancy are at the best doubtful.

THE KENNEDYS IN AUSTRALIA.—A complimentary ball was given to the Kennedy Family, under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, at the Athenæum Hall last night. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the picturesque effect was further heightened by the tartans worn by many of the guests, who numbered about 150. The programme was diversified by Scotch dances, for which Messrs Skinner, Broadhurst, M'Leod, and Gordon played the pipe music. Allan's Premier Band was engaged for the usual set and round dances. The supper was excellently laid by Mr Clements in the upper hall. The chair was taken by Mr James Munro, who had Mr David Kennedy on his right. The loyal toasts were drunk with great enthusiasm, and the National Anthem was sung. In proposing "The Kennedy Family," the chairman said he was proud that his native country could produce such a family. In honouring them the Caledonian Society felt they were honouring Scotland. In reply, Mr David Kennedy said he had never sung before such large audiences as had greeted him in Melbourne. He said this after having had 25 years' experience in all parts of the world, and it showed that Scottish songs touch as deep a chord in Melbourne as they did at home, although seas divided the colonists from their native heath. Mr Robert Kennedy responded on behalf of himself and his sisters in suitable terms. The remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent in dancing.—*Melbourne Argus*, May 31.



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